

MODERN

COMICS

JUNE
No. 86

10¢

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outwits
TWILIGHT,
deadly female
spy!



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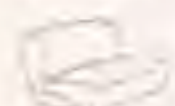
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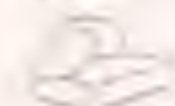
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BLACKHAWK



**ANOTHER DIRECT HIT
ON INJUSTICE!**
Oppression still stalks over
land and sea, yes
But over land and sea speed
the **BLACKHAWKS**,
greatest fighting team of
all history... to meet, fight
and destroy every threat to
peace, democracy and
humanity!







LET'S NOT WASTE TIME—WE'LL TAKE OFF AT ONCE!

HA! FLY TO YOUR DOOM, YOU FOOLS!



IF THE BLACKBIRDS ARE GETTING INTO THIS AFFAIR, IT'S SERIOUS, BUT NOT FATAL! WE'LL HANDLE THEM WHEN WE TAKE OVER, BALDU!



TWILIGHT REPORTING, CAPTAIN! YES, JUST AS I SAY—THE BLACKBIRDS ARE HEADING FOR BALDU! WE'D BETTER STRIKE EARLIER THAN PLANNED! I'LL FOLLOW THEM!



Meanwhile—

STRANGERS GRABBING A SMALL ISLAND—STRATEGICALLY LOCATED! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF A CERTAIN POWER WE KNOW, GENTLEMEN?

CORRECT, BLACKBIRDS! WE OUGHT TO BE AT BALDU TWO HOURS AFTER DAWN!



But as dawn breaks over the Island of Baldu...

YOU KNOW YOUR ASSIGNMENTS, MEN! SEPARATE AND CARRY THEM OUT! IF YOU HAVE TO SHOOT ANY ISLANDERS—THE FEWER TROUBLES WE'LL HAVE LATER!



At the one radio station on the island—

WHO—AHHH!

BULL'S-EYE! NOW BALDU HAS NO COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD!





YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE THE BLACKHAWKS! WE'VE COME TO PROTECT BALULU FROM THE PLOT OF THOSE STRANGERS!



THAT'S WHY WE ARREST YOU! WE'RE THE STRANGERS, YOU SEE--WE'VE JUST TAKEN OVER HERE!

HE SPEAKS TRUTH, BLACKHAWK! THESE AREN'T THE REGULAR AIRFIELD WORKERS!



I DEMAND TO SEE YOUR LEADER, IF RATS LIKE YOU HAVE A LEADER! AT ONCE!

NATURALLY, BLACKHAWK! HERE--IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, COMES OUR LEADER--LANDING JUST BEHIND YOUR PLANES!



HAS EVERYTHING BEEN ARRANGED?

PERFECTLY, EXCELLENCY! BALULU IS OURS... ALSO THE BLACKHAWKS, WHO FLEW INTO OUR TRAP LIKE SO MANY STUPID BUTTERFLIES!



DO YOU COMMAND THESE INTERNATIONAL PIRATES? THEN I--

SILENCE, INVADER! BY YOUR OWN WORDS YOU THREATEN THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF BALULU!



FOR THAT CRIME YOUR LIVES ARE FORFEIT! LOCK THEM UP AT ONCE! ONE OF MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACTS WILL BE TO HAVE THEM EXECUTED!

















TORCHY

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... ALL THESE MEN WILLING TO MODEL FOR ME WITHOUT CHARGE — AND HE ONLY A BEGINNER!

THAT'S FOR ME — I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE IMMORTAL STATUES!

CONSIDER YOURSELF A STUDENT! THAT'LL BE SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS! WE USUALLY GET A HUNDRED, BUT I HATE TO TAKE TOO MUCH MONEY FROM A WOMAN!

FORNO
SCHOOL OF
SCULPTURE





AS SOON AS THE MODEL AGENCY SENDS DOWN A MODEL, I CAN GO TO WORK! AND I'D BETTER BE SENSATIONALLY SUCCESSFUL SOON, CONSIDERING THAT I'VE SPENT ALMOST ALL MY MONEY TO GET STARTED!



THE MODEL AGENCY SENT ME!

BUT I TOLD THEM I WANTED A STRONG, RUGGED TYPE!

OH? THEN THEY MUST HAVE CHOSEN ME FOR MY CHARACTER! BUT I'LL WORK FOR YOU AT CUT RATES!



NO YOU WON'T! GOOD-BYE!

Later...

ONE'S TOO SHORT AND THE OTHER'S TOO TALL! THAT AGENCY HAS SENT ME TEN MODELS AND NOT ONE'S BEEN RIGHT!

TSK! TSK! I'LL BET NONE OF THE MODELS SAID SUCH THINGS ABOUT YOU!



IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL NEVER GET TO WORK!





ELL MODEL HIM IN PLASTER OF PARIS FIRST! THEN I'LL CAST A BRONZE!



HOW I SHOULD BE ABLE TO MOLD THE PLASTER OF PARIS TO HIS LIKENESS!



OH, DEAR, IT'S HARDENING FASTER THAN I THOUGHT! AND SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR!



YOU'RE TOO LATE! I'VE ALREADY GOT A MODEL! BESIDES, I'M NOT DOING SCULPTURES OF POLICEMEN THIS WEEK!



I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS!

I WAS CHASING A CROOK OVER THE ROOFTOP AND I HAD AN IDEA HE MIGHT HAVE DROPPED IN HERE! DID YOU SEE HIM?



A CROOK? THE ONLY PERSON WHO DROPPED IN HERE WAS MY MODEL!

THERE'S A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR REWARD OUT FOR THE CROOK! WHERE'S YOUR MODEL?



LOOK OUT! YOU'LL BREAK MY STATUE BEFORE I EVEN MAKE IT!

THAT'S THE GUY! LADY, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! THE ARTIST IN YOU SPOTTED HIM AS A CRIMINAL TYPE AND YOU IMPRISONED HIM IN THE PLASTER!



I DID!

I'M GOING TO SPLIT THE REWARD WITH YOU!



THAT'S FINE! TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS WILL HELP ME GET STARTED WITH SOME OTHER KIND OF HOBBY! AS A SCULPTRESS, I'M CONVINCED I JUST DON'T HAVE THE TOUCH!









KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, PAL! PERFUME MANUFACTURING IS MY CHEMISTRY PROJECT! WE CAN WHIP UP A SWEET-SMELLING BATCH FOR FREE!



NOTHING DOING, ROLLO! LAST TERM'S REPORT CARD SHOWED THAT CHEMISTRY AND I JUST DON'T AGREE!

AW C'MON, PAL! IT'S SIMPLE! I HAVE A WHOLE BOOK OF FORMULAE!



YOU CAN REALLY FREEZE DEAN DILSBURY OUT WHEN YOU GIVE MYRNA A WHIFF OF MY EXTRA-SPECIAL ECSTASY!

UHM... THAT WOULD BE ECSTASY! OKAY... LEAD ON!

HAH! SOUNDS LIKE I'M ON THE SCENT OF SKUL-DUGGERY!



HERE IT IS... IT'S ON PAGE 608... ER 808...

YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, MY FRIEND!



Later...

THE BOOK SAYS, ANOTHER DROP OF THIS... AND SOME MORE OF THIS ACID...

HEY! IT'S BOILING OVER!

THINK NOTHING OF IT! WE'VE GOT PLENTY! IT JUST HAS TO COOL, AND WE CAN BOTTLE IT!

BUBBLE, BUBBLE GIRL AND TROUBLE!



LET'S GO TO THE WASH-ROOM, EZRA, AND CLEAN THIS STUFF OFF OUR HANDS!

AH, NOW'S MY CHANCE!



WAIT UNTIL EZRA GIVES THIS PRESENT TO MYRNA! HE'LL HAVE THE DOUBLE WHAMMY ON HIM FOR SURE!



SOOM... THERE! WITH THIS FANCY BOTTLE, MYRNA'LL THINK IT CAME STRAIGHT FROM PARIS!

IT SURE IS STRONG! ARE YOU SURE IT'S O.K.?



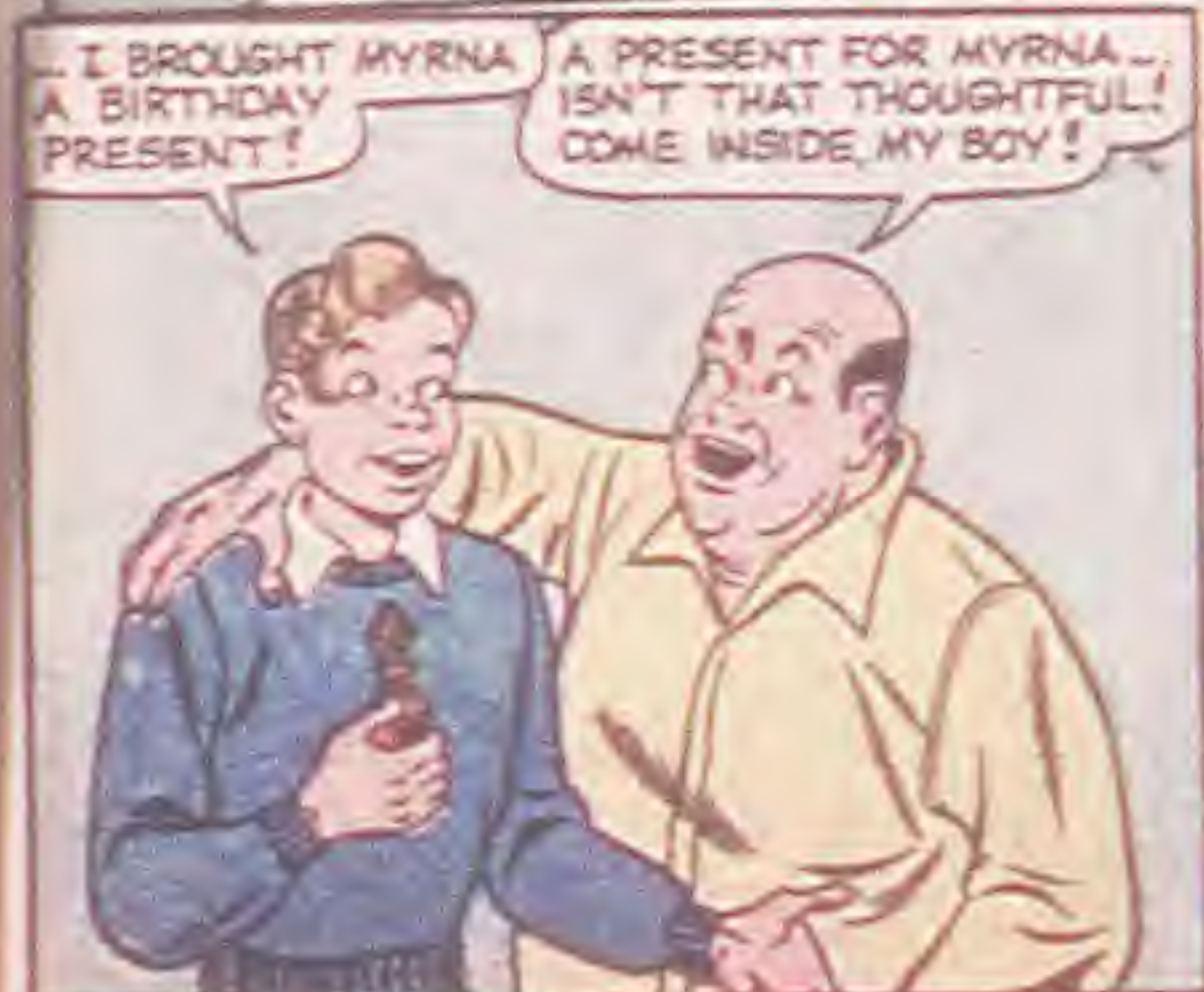
A few minutes later... YOU'LL RECOGNIZE MY GENIUS WHEN YOUR PRESENT SWEEPS MYRNA OFF HER FEET!

I'LL LET YOU KNOW IN A LITTLE WHILE!



HEH, HEH, NICE DAY, MR. MOORE...

WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU NUMBSKULL... I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU...



I BROUGHT MYRNA A BIRTHDAY PRESENT!

A PRESENT FOR MYRNA... ISN'T THAT THOUGHTFUL! COME INSIDE, MY BOY!



OH, MYRNA! EZRA JONES WANTS TO SEE YOU!





TEST FLIGHT

BLACKHAWK and Chuck walked briskly from Army Operations to the four-engine transport parked on the concrete apron in the shadow of the hangar.

"This is a break," Chuck said enthusiastically, "the Air Command asking us to run the night tests on the X-HC-37. Of course," he added, "you've done so much work on it it's practically your ship, Blackhawk."

"We've all had a hand in the planning," Blackhawk said quietly. "The main thing is that it's about ready for production if all goes well tonight. This ship is the answer to the Air Force's supply problem."

The two blue-clad Spurs buckled under the great fuselage and ran the open rear-loading hatch. Blackhawk gained the catwalk first and went forward, switching on the cabin lights. He heard Chuck's footsteps clanging on the metal walk. Suddenly they stopped.

"Chuck," Blackhawk called, "anything wrong?"

A soft, menacing voice spoke close to his ear. "I doubt if your friend can hear you. My companion Boris has done his job well."

Blackhawk turned and looked into the blue muzzle of an automatic. A thin, gaunt man, wearing a twisted smile, stepped from the radio compartment. "I suggest you get on with your test flight, Blackhawk," the gunman said. "In the absence of your friend, I am quite competent to act as co-pilot and redman."

Blackhawk faced the thin man, saying with quiet determination, "This ship won't move until I know how Chuck is."

"Your friend will be unconscious for a short time," the man said, smiling maliciously. "However, I cannot guarantee that condition for long unless you are more cooperative."

Blackhawk evaluated the situation swiftly. He could possibly disarm this intruder, but at the risk of harm to Chuck. "All right," he agreed bleakly. "I'll start the test."

The blue-uniformed leader of the Blackhawks took his cockpit seat on the left while the other slid warily into the one on the right, still keeping his pistol pointed unwaveringly.

"You know you can't get far," Blackhawk warned. "The ship has only two hours' fuel supply."

"Let me worry about that," the man answer-

ed. "It won't take an hour to get where we will land. There I have made the necessary arrangements with my subordinates to refuel the transport for a long flight."

"I won't try to stall for time," he continued. "I am also a pilot. If necessary, I can fly this ship myself . . . now get started," he ordered brusquely.

With practiced skill, Blackhawk flipped switches that started motors whining deep within the great ship. The four jet engines coughed softly, one by one, building up to a thrumming roar. Then he released the parking brakes and taxied to the end of the runway while his captor made radio contact with the tower for takeoff instructions.

Pushing the throttle full forward, Blackhawk headed the plane straight down the runway. The tremendous acceleration shoved them back against the cushioned seats but, after a short run, the ship lifted gently into the air.

"Head due west," the man ordered, "and keep your altitude low in case your friends at the field suspect something and decide to track us by radar."

The rear cockpit door opened and a heavy, thick-set man entered the flight deck. "Everything is satisfactory aft, Serge," he chuckled. "Those fools will never learn how easy it is to slip into their most heavily guarded areas. Shall we dump them overboard now?"

"No, Boris," Serge answered. "I believe I will take them with us. They can give us valuable information on the production of this latest transport. You know we have little data on it other than that which we will obtain on this flight. Also it will be a clever touch to bring in the invisible Blackhawk as a prisoner."

"You won't get anything from us," Blackhawk promised grimly, "except trouble . . . plenty of that."

"We'll see," Serge answered. "You'd be surprised what the proper persuasion can do for a person's 'singing voice'."

More than half an hour had elapsed and now the ship skimmed over the flat wastelands of the Southwest. Straight ahead a row of lights sparkled brightly on the ground.

"I'll take over from here," Serge ordered. "Boris," he said, turning to his companion in the passageway, "take Blackhawk back to join

me friend, just to make sure he doesn't try to crash this valuable piece of government property."

At this moment Blackhawk stared intently at the instrument panel, then reached forward and flipped several toggle switches.

"What are you doing?" Serge asked suspiciously.

"Fuel pressure's low," Blackhawk explained. "Let's go, Boris," he said, unlatching his safety belt and rising from his seat. "Your pal wants to practice his flying."

Blackhawk, under Boris' watchful eyes and menacing gun, went aft to the dimly lighted cargo compartment. But, halfway to the tail section, the famous crime-fighter stopped suddenly, Boris clamping into him before he could arrest his own movement.

Blackhawk spun swiftly, grabbing the agent's gun-hand and at the same time knocking a solid blow to his head. Boris fell heavily to one knee and Blackhawk followed up his advantage with a sharp uppercut which stretched the big man full-length on the metal floor.

"Now going, Blackhawk," a guarded voice called.

Blackhawk pocketed the pistol he had taken from Boris and made his way to the huddled form at the rear of the compartment. "Chuck," he said, slipping off the ropes that bound his friend. "I was afraid you were hurt."

"It would take more than one little love tap to bother my thick skull," Chuck said with a grin. "Let's take care of that woker up front." He climbed to his feet and started forward resolutely.

"We haven't time," Blackhawk cautioned, placing a restraining hand on his radio-man's arm. "I'll get our chutes. We're going after the rest of the gang on the ground before they're tipped off and scatter."

"I'm game," Chuck answered, "but what about this ship?"

"I signalled the base by pretending to switch on the fuel pumps," Blackhawk explained quickly, "and the five minutes before they take over are almost up."

"O.K.," Chuck agreed, "it's over the side for us."

Blackhawk opened the rear escape hatch and, after snapping on his parachute, he leaped into the slipstream of the plane. Chuck followed almost immediately.

The two chutes had barely opened when the two men hit the ground within a hundred yards of each other. Quickly Blackhawk cut off the harness and made his way toward the row of lights on the ground. He soon caught up with

Chuck, who had landed some distance under the lights.

They both looked up to watch as the plane they had just left wheeled and turned back in the direction from which it had come. Then they walked on toward the signal lights. A few minutes later they stopped at the word of voices coming from the general vicinity of two parked trucks.

"I wonder if that was the ship!" the first voice queried. "If it was, I'd say maybe Serge doesn't intend to stop here for this jet fuel."

"He'll be here," the second voice assured him. "He has already contacted Karl in the radio truck. If that transport is as fast as reported they'll be landing any minute now."

Blackhawk moved silently to one side of the smaller truck while Chuck covered the other side. Suddenly, preceded by a spurt of orange flame and a loud report, a bullet splashed against the metal side of the truck near Blackhawk's head. In one motion he whirled, drew his own pistol from his belt and shot from a crouch. A groan told him he had not missed.

Two men piled out on either side of the truck cab. As Blackhawk moved to intercept his quarry, the man kicked out, launching his blow from the running board. Blackhawk, caught in the chest, was thrust to the ground. But he was up on his feet in a split-second, fighting for possession of a gun which the man had drawn.

Acting with dispatch, Blackhawk slammed the man against the truck body, then planted a crushing blow to his jaw. The man slid limply to the ground.

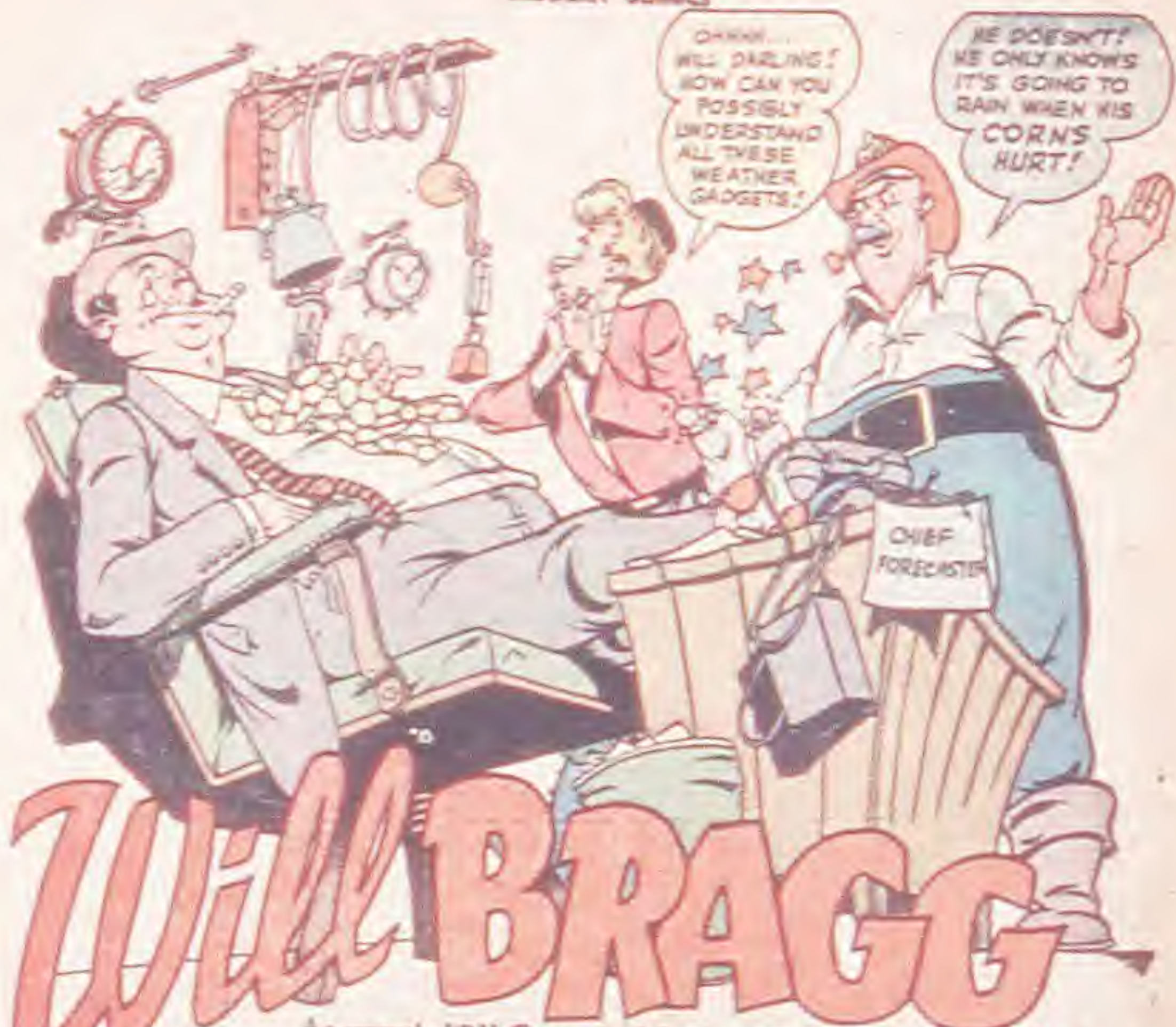
Blackhawk crept the truck to find Chuck battling furiously with the other man. Before the leader of the illustrious team could intervene the man sidestepped a blow by the radio-man and, drawing a knife, aimed a blow at Chuck's unprotected neck.

Blackhawk reached them in time to deflect the thrust. At the same moment Chuck started and chopped down his opponent with two smashing blows.

When Chuck had regained his breath Blackhawk said, "You might see if you can get the air base on the radio in the other truck. It won't be long before our kidnappers will be landing there—back where we started."

"Sure," Chuck said. "Full bet those boys were surprised when they tried to pilot the X-20-JT after the remote control radio from the base took over. They should have checked the 'K and C,' which is the new remote radio-controlled."

"Just like all enemies of our country," Blackhawk said grimly, "they're dealing that treachery boomerangs."



As usual, Will Bragg is laboring under a cloud, but for a while it looks as if being a weather prophet may be profitable for him.





One hour later—

WHEN, HOW SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO TALK! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT TO GET THE INFORMATION THIS BIRD HAS GIVEN ME!

THANK YOU AND GOOD DAY, SIR!

GOOD DAY TO YOU TOO, SIR—TOMORROW THAT IS! HA, HA!

HOW TO RIG UP A GOOD SHOW FOR SWENSON!

Soon—

OH, WILL, DARLING! LET ME HELP YOU!

NO THANKS, EFFY! THESE THINGS ARE DELICATE!

MR. SWENSON AND MR. FLANNIGAN ARE HERE TO SEE YOU, WILL!

HELLO, BOYS! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD—A PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM SO YOU CAN BORE MORE PEOPLE?

PROBABLY A RADIO SO YOU CAN LISTEN TO THE WEATHER REPORTS, EH?

LET'S SEE—THE OSCILLATOR LOOKS ONTO THE SUPERRETRODYNE—WANT SOMETHING, BOYS?

WELL—WE WERE THINKING MAYBE WE WERE TOO HARD ON YOU, WILL!

YEAH! IF YOU WANT TO CALL OFF THE BET—

NOT AT ALL! WITH MY EQUIPMENT, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT NO RAIN WILL FALL AT THE PICNIC!

OH, WILL, YOU'RE SO SMART—A REGULAR EDISON!



Meanwhile, at Will's boardinghouse



Several hours later—



Amazing **NEW** Mickey Mouse—Donald Duck

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**SUN DIAL
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WHEN
DESPERATE
GUNMEN ROB
THE TOWN
BANK, DEPUTY
U.S. ROYAL,
AND THE
BOYS OF THE
BLM CITY BIKE
CLUB GO
INTO ACTION
WITH A
DARING PLAN!



EVERY SECOND COUNTS AS THE JET
BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS!



AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE—
RIGHT INTO A DEAD
END TRAP! BUT
THE SIGN...

...WAS MOVED TO
THROW YOU OFF
THE TRACK—INTO
OUR HANDS!



GREAT WORK,
BOYS! WE
SURPRISED
THOSE CROOKS
WITH A
ROYAL
RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!—OUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES
GAVE US PLENTY OF
SPEED WITH SAFETY.
RIGHT, FELLAS? AND,
SAY, SPEAKING OF
SURPRISES—I'VE GOT
A REAL ONE WAITING
FOR YOU...

LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE

A WHOLE
COMIC BOOK
ON BIKING?
LET'S SEE
IT, U.S.

TAKE IT EASY,
BOYS...THERE'S
A COPY WAITING
FOR EACH OF YOU—
AT YOUR U.S. ROYAL
BIKE DEALER'S!

AFTER ME,
TOM...



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK—A FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE, CAPTURING
BANK ROBBERS!



WAT! YOU MEET KNUCKLE-
HEAD—HE NEVER DOES
ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE—
HOTTA SELLING JOB HE
DOES ON POP!



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